

Ian Hecox's Halo Fanfiction

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Summary: Ian has wrote fanfiction. Here is your chance to finally read it.

1. Preface

This is not a chapter, it is more like a prelude explaining what you're about to read.

On several Smosh videos, we have been told that Ian used to write Halo fanfiction as a kid, and post them online. It's hard to find them, but they actually do exist. The website he has posted them on is rather bad in my opinion. So I decided to post them all here.

It won't let me post the URL, but I'm sure I can give it to you in a PM.

Side note: Ian has horrible grammar. I am going to fix it all in the chapters too.

2. The Mis-Adventures of Master Chief (1)

This story starts from where Halo (the game) left off:

"Halo, it's finished," Cortana said slowly.

"No, I think we're just getting started," Master Chief replied.

"Well, that's a dumb remark, because we just DESTROYED it," Cortana said with mixed confusion in her voice.

"Listen bitch, stick to the script, and we'll all get our money, alright?"

"WELL SCREW THE SCRIPT!" Cortana yelled, "Look at me, I'm a friggin voice inside your head, do you have any idea how little voices inside peoples heads get paid?!"

There was silence as they both just sat there in silence (go figure) inside the Longsword.

"So, are you hungry?" MC asked, trying to change the subject.

"You're an idiot." Cortana replied.

"Hmm... I'll take that as a yes," MC said as his stomach growled, "Cortana make yourself useful and locate the closest restaurant you can find."

"Fine," Cortana said as she went mumbling on, "I guess voices inside peoples heads don't get any respect these days. Wait, I found one: 'Greasy's Fast Food'."

"Great, I'll put you into the ship, and you could fly us there," MC said, happy that he was going to eat, "Man, I haven't had a meal ever since I was being played on Halo, I guess my beloved fans dont have time for their beloved characters to eat."

"Yeah yeah yeah, just put me into the computer and I'll fly us there." Cortana said with impatience.

"Can I start calling you Corty from now on?" Master Chief asked dumbly.

"No." Cortana said quickly, without emotion.

The Longsword started on its way to the fast food restaurant.

"Hey," Cortana said, "While we're on our way, you want to play truth or dare?"

"Okay, but you go first." MC said.

"TRUTH!" Cortana began, "Did you like anyone in your Spartan training?"

"Um..."

"Come on, you have to tell me, its the rules!"

"But?"

"JUST TELL ME!"

"Fine, in Spartan training... I had a thing for... Chief Mendez." MC glumly replied.

"Oh, that's just sick." Cortana said, with sickness in her voice.

"Hey look-y here," MC said in relief, "There's Greasy's! Yes, saved by the bell." He whispered

They landed in the parking lot, crushing two Chevys.

Cortana appeared on the holopanel, glaring at Master Chief.

"Uh... uh... I swear those cars were already like that!" MC said lamely, "They were pieces of crap anyway", he mumbled as he stepped out of the Longsword.

As they walked into the diner, he noticed someone familiar, "343 Guilty Spark?!" MC said, surprised to see him, "what are you doing behind the counter?"

"Number 3, your orders up- oh, hello there reclaimer!"

"What are you doing here, 343?"

"Well, the information that I stole from your ship was very helpful," 343 said happily, "With the amount of information on your whole race, I decided that the best and most beneficial thing to do was to open up a FAST FOOD CHAIN, MUAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"Oh 343, you're really losing your evil touch." MC said with a grin on his face.

"But that's not the most evil part, oh no my friend, I'm in a partnership with STARBUCKS! MUAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO OO!" MC took a deep breath, "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO O!"

To be continued...

Or is it?

Okay it is...

Or is it? Bum bum bum!

Alright, expect a part 2...

Or will you, I just don't know...

* * *

><p>Edit: Ian seriously wrote that last bit, oh god. -facepalm-<p>

3. The Mis-Adventures of Master Chief (2)

Master Chief was done screaming... after 4 hours of it.

"Finally," Cortana said, "I was just about to kill myself."

"Too bad you didn't," MC murmured

"Hey, I heard that!" Cortana said angrily.

"You're giving me a headache, Cortana."

"That's because I live INSIDE your head."

MC shuddered at the thought.

"Hey, if you are in my brain, can you read what I'm thinking right now?"

"Yeah..." Cortana went through his thoughts. "Oh Master Chief, grow up!" MC chuckled.

"And just to straighten things out, NO, the hologram of myself is not nude."

"Darn." MC said glumly.

"Well, are you guys going to order something, or block my lines?" 343 said to them.

"But 343, there hasn't been anyone behind us for the whole time we've been in here..."

"DAMNIT, someone must've drawn stick figures on my viewing lens again!" 343 said frustratedly.

MC quickly hid the marker behind his back.

"Well barbarian, hurry up and order, I'm getting sick of having you think about food in your head." Cortana said impatiently.

"Then what if I think about... THIS!" Master Chief said with a smirk.

"AURGH... you seriously need to get laid." Cortana said grumpily.

MC was getting really annoyed with Cortana.

"Hey 343, how much will you pay me for a high quality AI to work as cashier?" MC said matter-of-factly.

"Hmm, do you mean Cortana?" 343 GS said, interested.

"Precisely," MC said with a grin on his face.

"Nooooo, no-no-no-no NO!" Cortana said with desperation, "You'll be selling UNSC equipment! Which, might I add, is ILLEGEAL!"

"Meh, I'll just tell them I'm sorry," MC said carelessly, "So how much, 343?"

"hmm, she could be useful, but I cant give you money, how 'bout a free meal?"

"Are you serious, with a deal like that, I CAN'T refuse!" MC said, as he started to disengage Cortana.

"WAIT YOU CANT DO THIS, I've saved your butt tonnes of times, now you're going to sell me for a Greasy Burger, Cosmic fries and a beer?!" Cortana said enraged.

"Hey, I never said I was going to get that, how'd ya know?"

"I read your mind, dumbshit" Cortana said.

"Oh right." MC said as he popped out the chip holding Cortana, and put her into the cash register.

"Welcome to Greasy's, may I take your order?" Cortana said lamely. A holopanel showed her in a Greasy's apron with a matching hat.

"Nice apron, Cortana!" MC commented, Cortana flipping him off.

When Master Chief sat down with his food, he remembered, "Wait a second, I don't eat food."

Before he left, he felt he had to settle the fight between him and 343 GS, so he went into the bathroom, taking his burger and took a dump in it. "How can I not eat, but I can take a crap?" MC wondered.

He snuck the burger back into the batch of the other burgers waiting to be ordered. MC chuckled.

He left the restaurant, waving to Cortana, while she still had her middle finger in the air at him.

He climbed into the longsword and launched out into space. He turned on the TV to find the news: "We now have reports that the Master Chief, Spartan John 117, might have survived his escape from Halo, in which he destroyed to eliminate the flood and a covenant armada," the news reporter said, "HAHAHAHAHA! I'm just joking people, now who would believe THAT kinda B.S., some guy came into the station, beat up with plasma scars, and told me about his 'voyage to Halo with MC and their discoveries', and then he died right after he finished his sentence about how MC escaped. I've never heard such a load of B.S. Yeah, heh heh, and I'm sure MC 'just left Greasy's Fast Food restaurant' HAHAHAH!" the reporter wiped the smile off his face. "In other news, Metafire, a.k.a. Frogblast, has just discovered his 100th trick in the game of Hal-"

MC turned off the TV, and played around with a chinese finger trap, and couldn't get his fingers out of it, so he piloted his longsword to the closest planet to find if anyone could figure out this complicated contraption.

When he landed, all he saw was desolation, the whole town was silent. He read the sign of the town out loud: "Welcome to Irony Town: The town of a thousand fore-shadowings". MC thought for a while "This town scares me-"

Then he heard a squeaky voice in the air, "HELP!"

"Huh?" MC said.

"HEELLP MEEEEEE!"

Then a pebble flew in the air and hit him on the head.

"Ouch"

Then he noticed a live grunt, with no legs. "Excuse me sir, but I seemed to have mis-placed my legs, AHHH ITS YOU!"

"Give me one reason why I shouldn't end your pitiful life right now." MC yelled.

"I'm a cripple, you wouldn't dare kill a cripple, would you?"

MC looked at the grunt, sad puppy eyed, then shifted his eyes to the readied MA5B, then back to the defenseless grunt, then back again to the MA5B. He did this for a couple of hours before he said, "I reluctantly accept."

"Oh thank-you, thank-you so very much!" the legless grunt said.

"No problem, by the way, where are your legs and your covie team-mates?"

"Oh, me and my other grunt friends were scouting and when I went to sleep, they tied me upside-down by my feet, as a prank. Unfortunately, my legs popped off and a group of humans attacked us. My grunty friends carried me until they were all dead, now I need my legs which are quite far away from here... can you get them?"

"Hmm, sure." MC said with an evil grin on his face.

He found a bag and went off to find the grunt's legs. He had an evil smile on his face because he planned to get back at the grunt for throwing a rock at his head. He came to a spot that was ironically filled with covenant legs.

-2 hours later-

Um, why did it just go to 2 hours later?

-Another 2 hours later?-

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

-Um... um... another 2 hours later?-

NO-NO-NO you're an idiot, here give me that!

-NO! You can't have the time progressor-

Come on, I'm the friggin NARRATOR, now GIMMIE!

-But I don't wanna-

You know what? You're fired.

-Too bad because I already quit!-

Fine.

-Fine.-

Okay where were we? Okay let's just start from when the MC comes back with the legs for the grunt.

"I'm just going to give you an injection that will put you to sleep, so I can put your legs on." MC said

"Okay, whatever, just give me back my legs!" the grunt said with desperation.

MC gave him the injection and started to put his legs on.

An hour later, the grunt woke up. "Hey, I feel my legs moving. One feels a little unbalanced, let me open up my eyes and- WAAAAAAA?! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!, Master Chief, YOU BIATCH!"

"Heh heh hahahaha" MC broke out in a laugh.

"How come I have a grunt leg and an ELITE LEG?!"

"Hey, it's not my fault," MC said laughing, "I never was the best at that game 'Operation'."

"NO NO, you HAVE to change the leg!" the grunt screamed.

"Well... you shouldn't have thrown that rock, that kinda hurt my feelings." MC looked at the ground.

"Hey," the grunt put his hand on MC's shoulder, "You're gay also?"

"NO!" MC shouted

"Oh-I mean-that's too bad-I mean-me neither." the grunt said as his cheeks turned purple (wait aren't they already purple? Oh well).

"Hey, do you need a sidekick?" the grunt asked inquizitively.

"Huh?" MC asked, "What's inquizitively?"

"Shutup MC, I'm trying to act smart in this story... so uh just pay attention to the part you're playing. I know my grunt comrades wont accept me and my off balanced leg."

"Well, this wouldnt be called a mis-adventure if I didnt have a weird sidekick!"

"Alright! Besides, I always wanted to be a main character in a story!" the grunt said happily.

"Who does this grunt think he is, Narrater?" MC asked me, "Are you giving him the main role, because if you do..."

Oh MC, dont shake your fist at me. Besides I'm sure the grunt will die in part 3.

The MC looked puzzled, "Part 3?."

End
file.